

In My Best Interest by brokenpromisesandhope

Series: [Kinktober 2018 \[6\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Kali Prasad, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Kali Prasad

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-10-07

Updated: 2018-10-07

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:47:30

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 694

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Kali and Steve have been fucking.

In My Best Interest

Author's Note:

Steve Harrington is always a good boy. Shit he can be my good boy any fucking day now.

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It's easy to break Steve down. She's met hundreds of Steve Harrington's in her life. That's not to say she doesn't like him, because she does. She would not put up with him if she did not. It's just that it's easy. Behind the tall hair and the drinking and the tight jeans.

It's easy. She just listens. Tries to out drink him. Smokes her cigarettes and shows some cleavage and he is putty in her hands. She loves it. She's fond of him of course. He's sweet. He offers to drive her home, unaware she has no home to be driven too, and always pays for their after sex snacks. But he's still a boy.

Once she'd cracked him open, it's amazing. All she has to do is coo and push his hair away from his face and call him a good boy. She bets if he was drunk enough he'd call her mommy, suck on her tits as she stroked her back. She loves it. She loves how desperate he gets for her.

It's not that she isn't the same way. The sex is good. Amazing. Why she keeps going back. Also because it makes the time in Hawkins go faster. She doesn't know how long she'll be here, but it's fun while it lasts.

They're both a bit drunk, on Steve's couch. His parents are gone as fucking always, and he'd pulled down his basketball shorts, and she'd kicked down her leggings and then he was inside her. He had a big dick, because of fucking course he did, and he knew how to use it. He repeatedly thrust against her g-spot and massaged her clit, and kisses her gently.

“Shit,” she moans, grinding further onto his dick.

“Yeah?” He pants against her mouth.

He never lasts long when he’s drunk, which is fine. He always tries his hardest to get her off too. He kisses her briefly and she digs her nails into his back. His hips jerk at that and he licks down her neck, kissing softly, before latching onto a nipple.

“Good boy,” she rasps, lacing a hand in his hair.

He groans at that, sucking harder, his fingers going down to rub at her clit,

“Fuck, you fuck me so good. Feel so good with your big fucking cock. But you’re my sweet boy, right? Know how to fuck me so good with it, huh? Always make me come so hard?”

He nods, fingers digging into her hip bone,

“Yes, fuck.”

“Such a good boy Steve,” she moans, hips stuttering. She gently pushes through his hair and he keeps, looking at her with those wide brown eyes, “Make me come for you, please? Don’t you wanna be good for me?” She asks, fluttering her lashes at him.

He’s so easy and it’s not long before he rubs her with more intent, fucks her harder, sloppier, and suddenly he’s coming, rasping,

“Kali,” into her ear.

She was so close, but she holds him through it. Once he comes back, he flips her onto the couch, slides out of her and spreads her legs, licking up her pussy. She’s wet as fuck, sensitive from getting fucked, and he wraps his lips around her clit, sucking with purpose. She yanks on his hair, thrusting her hips against his face,

“Shit, Steve, baby, good boy, please.”

He sucks harder and reaches up to play with her nipple,

“Come for me Kali, please,” he whispers against her softly.

And she does. When she comes down, Steve’s on top of her, mouth wet as he kisses her gently,

“That was good,” he smiles sloppily, reaching over to grab the pack of cigarettes and the lighter off the coffee table.

“It’s always good baby,” she laces her arm around his neck and pulls her body against his.

She likes the weight, and he lights up, inhaling the smoke, before passing it to her,

“Thanks.”

“You gonna stay the night?” he asks nonchalantly.

“If you do that thing with your tongue again then maybe,” she teases.

“You know I love to be a good boy,” he says with a grin.

She laughs,

“That I do.”